

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

They've sent him home, alas, to die!
My first-born, noble boy,
My only son, my only child, and me!
He bathed bravely for "Our Flag;"
He shrank not in the fray.
But, ah! he fell, and, passing, passed
Too many a sad day.

No shot from cannon's fiery mouth,
No ringing soldier's word;
Laid my brave boy upon my couch,
Where heart sick, sad, moaned.
My mother's gentle care
Gave him the cooling, healing drink,
No anxious one was there.

My son, my child, you're dying now—
Ah, God, 'tis hard to see!
My boy in all his manliness,
My boy, my son, and me!

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And so he's come, some hour "excepted"—
"Excepted"—the cruel word;

It's hard to see, it's hard to stand,

By death's unsparring sword.

Ah, who is me! Indeed 'tis hard

My darling boy to see!

My son, my child, pale and thin,
In life's last agony.

My boy, my boy, 'tis hard, 'tis hard
To drink this bitter cup!

A mother only knows how hard
It is to give these up!—[St. Louis Republican.

A MOTHER LOST, AND A FATHER
FOUND.

[We clip the following singularly interesting sketch from an English journal. It is related by a correspondent:]

It was returning from a party. It was between the hours of twelve and one. I had just been escorting a young lady home, and was about to say to her, "I am passing along—", when the door of a house I had just passed suddenly opened, and when I turned round to know the reason, I saw a young lady rush out and glance wildly up and down the street. She then ran up to me, looked at me for a moment, and then said:

"Oh, sir, you are an utter stranger to me, but I hope you will excuse this liberty. My mother has been taken ill, and there is no one in the house to send for a doctor, and I cannot leave her; could you—?"

I immediately offered to go for a doctor, and, noting the number of the house whence the young lady came, set off at once. The young lady followed me, keeping the eyes of the poor girl so intent on me that as fast as I could, and did not stop until I arrived at the house of a skilled physician, who was our family doctor. When we arrived the young lady opened the door, and eagerly thanking me hurried off the doctor to see her mother. Fortunately he had been sitting up late reading, and was quite ready to accompany me at once. As we went along I told him the strange circumstances. She had not liked to shut the door in my face, and so left it open, which was very thoughtless; but she was in sore grief for her mother. I felt bound to stand and watch the door for fear of robbers, and I was anxious to wait till the doctor left, so that I might ask him how the patient was. I had stood about five minutes, when the doctor suddenly came out (much in the same way as the young lady had done before), looking anxiously. He seemed relieved to find me there, beckoned me in, and, closing the door, said:

"You must be a witness."

I followed him into the dining-room, where, on the sofa, lay the dying lady. Kneeling by her side was the devoted daughter. Her tears fell fast on the pillow, her soft young cheek rested on the withered face of the older lady, her dark curls mingling with her mother's silver tresses. Convulsive sobs, deep, but without sound, shook her light frame; and, altogether, the scene was one at which even a strong man might weep.

The lady had fallen in a sudden fit, and, though we now brought back to consciousness, there was little hope that she could live over the short time that had been the shock to her worn-out frame. The poor lady struggled to rise a little, and exerted herself to speak.

"My name is not Murray—I am not a widow—my husband is still alive; your name, my beloved child, is not Jane Murray, but Jane G—."

"Exhausted, she sank on the pillow, and for a few moments we almost thought that life had departed. But not so; for, with a sudden effort, she again raised herself, and cried for pen and paper. I saw an open desk on the table, and immediately prepared the necessary materials. She seized the pen, and with great difficulty wrote these few words:

"I am dying—O! why did I ever leave you, my husband? Receive my poor Jane; she is my own child, the child of your own wife."

Alice G—

"Witness," she gasped, and made a sign to the doctor and me. She thought, poor lady, that the paper would be of no use unless it was signed by two witnesses. We signed our names, and that seemed to please her. Again, taking the pen, she wrote:

"To the world—The last testimony of my dying wife."

She then gave us the address of her husband's sister, who would be sure to know where he was. Then, turning to us, she said, entreatingly:

"I've no friends; take care of her till she finds her father. Will you? will you?" she continued, in the most imploring accents.

The doctor stood still, but, filled with pity:

"I will protect her till she finds her father."

And then, seeing an expression of doubt pass over her face, I added:

"My mother and sisters will take care of her."

The face brightened exceedingly; and I saw that she had a faint smile.

"My beloved child!" As the last words left her mother, Jane G— uttered a heart-rending cry, and clasped the dead body to her heart. "My mother! oh, my mother!" she continued sobbing convulsively, and wailing her loss in a paroxysm of grief. The doctor and I withdrew into a corner of the room and consulted what to do. One thing was certain: we could not leave the poor girl there alone. But what to do? The doctor was an old bachelor, with no female friends, but I had a mother and two sisters, and to them I resolved to go at once, and leaving the doctor to stay till I returned, hastened away.

I found my mother and sisters sitting up for me; they also had not slept after a party, to welcome me home. I told the strange tale in as few words as possible, and ended by telling them that the poor girl had "no friends," and we must do something for her.

"Their sympathy was now thoroughly aroused, and my mother and sister Annie at once prepared to accompany me.

When we arrived we found Miss G— still kneeling by the dead, but more quiet. My mother gently raised her, and drew her away from the sofa.

The poor girl looked up with tear-dimmed eyes into my mother's face, and clung to her as if for protection. My mother was greatly moved, and folded the motherless girl in her arms. The poor thing was at last so overcome by grief that she fainted. We got her round by the usual narratives, and it was easy, in her weak state, for my mother and Annie to get her to bed.

Some weeks had passed away. My mother had written to London, to Colonel G—'s sister, for his address and received a cold and distant reply, giving, however, the desired information.

She resolved to keep Miss G— in Edinburgh for some time to recruit her strength before she underwent the trying ordeal of meeting her relatives. She was staying with us, and my mother and sisters tended her with the most affectionate care.

It was a pleasure to do anything for her, for a more patient and grateful creature never lived than poor Jane G—.

The funeral had been gone about with due decorum, and her death inserted in the usual papers as Mrs. Colonel G—.

When Jane was more composed, she told

us her history as long as she could remember. For many, many years they had lived in Orkney with an aunt of her mother's. This aunt died, and left a pretty handsome fortune to her niece. Then Mrs. G— and Jane came to Edinburgh. They hired a furnished house, and engaged two servants. The cook had not been there in the house when she showed her character by getting quite drunk. She was, of course, at once turned off. They then left with only one, and she was the advantage of their position as strangers, having with incomparable insolence, and then decamped with a good deal of money and some of the ladies' clothes. The very day this wicked person arrived, Mrs. G— took the fit, and thus, being alone in the house, Miss G— rushed wildly out to look for some one to send for a doctor, and found me. We at one time thought it would be best to take Miss G— up to London, but we ultimately decided on writing to her father to come for her, and telling him all particulars. In answer to this letter came the father himself. I had an interview with him before he saw his daughter, and gave him the letter from his wife. He seemed deeply moved by it, and had a tear in his eye.

He had married, when about forty, a young and beautiful bride. She was just seventeen, and had all the foolishness and perversity of a spoilt child; he was twenty-three years older, and, moreover, of a nature stern, harsh, and unbending. What wonder if the union was an unhappy one? She lived with him only three years. At the end of that time, provoked by the stern nature of her husband and his fancied neglect, the foolish girl ran away, carrying with her little girl, an infant of a year old. She changed her name to Murray, and he did not know that she had an aunt in Orkney, and so could not find her retreat, though he tried every means to recover his lost wife and child. He seemed impatient to see his daughter, and, after taking her in, at once withdrew. Who could have believed that the marriage had lasted so long?

The last accounts we received were that the young father had sent off to London with his father at once. They left us, with many deep expressions of gratitude.

We often have letters from both Miss G— and her father. They have learned to love each other deeply, and grace is the comfort of the Colonel to see, from the conduct of his sweet daughter, how well she has been brought up. This, with accounts received from friends in Orkney, has proved that Mrs. G— had gradually changed from the foolish girl into the thoughtful woman. Often she had been on the point of revealing all to her daughter, but had been kept back by a dread of letting her innocent child know that she had imposed on her so long.

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